

Altered Mirror Ch: 4

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Chapter 4

The crews of the _JAMES KIRK_ were busy making repairs to the ship. The hull breaches on Decks 5, 6 and 7 was also being tended to by crewmembers in shuttle craft and environmental suits. Hull plates were in the process of being reattached to the ship to replace those that were severely scarred and if not completely in tact. The replaced hull plates caused the once elegant ship to now appear war torn with some heavy battle scars.

The exterior of the ship was not the only concern, the crew in Engineering had been busy attempting to make quick repairs to the Impulse Drive, Warp Drive and Weapons. More importantly were the engines. The idea of being towed back to the station did not sit well with the Chief Engineer as well as the other engineering crew. Double shifts had been implemented to expedite the repair work.

The entire crew of the _JAMES KIRK _had a new sense of hope with the recent signal received from the _U.S.S. ENTERPRISE. _The mere fact that they were not alone seemed to make it a little better. Hopes of returning home looked brighter, there was talk that the _ENTERPRISE _had a way of getting them back. They had replied by sending a burst transmission, unfortunately there was no way to receive confirmation unless they replied an acknowledgement.

Meanwhile Commander Lance with Commander Susan Ivanova transported back to _BABYLON 5. _They had materialized in the Command Center, in front of the bridge crew and Captain Sheridan. Of course none of them had expected any visitors.

An astonished Captain Sheridan stood in awe, "That must be how you

got Londo off of _BABYLON 5 _and on to the _JAMES KIRK _without ever letting anyone know."

"Transporters Captain, we were not sure if your dimension had any. That's why we opted not to use them until we absolutely had too."
"

Sheridan eyed Commander Lance a moment, studying him a little further. Sheridan wasn't much for surprises and definitely did not like being out of the loop, considering the recent events, he would have to shrug it off. He contemplated whether or not he would have done the same.

"Well Commander," Sheridan walked a little closer, "the Centauri are furious that you kidnapped their beloved Ambassador. That took some guts. That must be why you performed thatâ€|bioscan?"

"Yeah, I wasn't sure we would have to implement it, call it planning ahead." Lance turned around and walked to the Main View port of the Command Center. He looked out into space, the positioning of the stars were different here, but the rules were the same. "Captain, I didn't think I had much choice in the matter. They had us, there was no way we could have won." Lance thought about what he had just said. He really hadn't given it too much thought. He was responsible for everyone aboard the _JAMES KIRK_. They looked to him to bring them home and to make sure they remained alive. And he almost blew it.

Sheridan noticed Lance's apprehension, "You have a good ship and it appears you have a good crew. Things may have turned out better if you didn't take such careful aim at their weapons or engines."

"I will not destroy another unless absolutely necessary."

"Today was an absolute necessary Commander. The Centauri would not have showed the same mercy to you. They would have destroyed you. And now, since you did have a hand in the destruction of two of the vessels, they will certainly not stop until you are destroyed."

Sheridan was right and Lance knew it. He couldn't admit he was wrong, that he had made a tactical error in being merciful to the enemy or potential hostile. It wasn't Starfleets way, they were not military at least not technically. They were explorers first and would defend themselves if forced to.

"Well Captain," Lance had to change the subject, "we received a signal from one of our sister ships. We believe they're enroute. The _ENTERPRISE_, _she's and exact match to that of the _JAMES KIRK_, _we are hopeful that she has the means to return us home."

"The _ENTERPRISE_, " _Sheridan repeated, "she have a good crew?"

"One of the best in the fleet. Captain Picard, he has been through a lot in my time. Saved Earth many a times. Well it's time for me to get back to my ship and see how our repairs are coming." Lance turned away and reached up to activate the comm badge.

"Wait," it was Ivanova. She hesitated, not sure what to say, "lets take a walk."

Data and Geordi La Forge stood at the Science Station trying to determine a means of returning home. They had been analyzing the data collected for the past hour and a half, with no closer means of finding a way back home.

"We know the plasma vented from the Nacelles accelerated the movement of the Neutrino Field and overtook the ENTERPRISE when we had attempted to go to Warp. We must assume the JAMES KIRK encountered the same fate."

"Agreed. Now that explains how we arrived here Data. We need to figure a way to recreate the anomaly and return us home."

"We have been unable to track any neutrino field or emissions upon entering this galaxy."

Geordi stared at the LCARS display screen a few moments longer, prying every piece of tricks he could think of. He knew they couldn't attempt anything unless they returned to the exact same coordinates upon entering this altered universe.

"This neutrino anomaly was attracted to the Plasma vented by our warp core correct?"

Data returned a puzzled look he had confirmed that just moments ago, "That was already determined Geordi. However you are correct."

Geordi started to pace back and forth an idea was forming in his head, he always seemed to work things out when he was moving and he didn't want his thoughts to be lost.

"What if we returned to our original coordinates upon meeting the anomaly and vented all the plasma we could muster. I'm sure the combined efforts of the JAMES KIRK and the ENTERPRISE could do the trick."

Data ran several calculations in his head, which took only a few microseconds, "That idea is sound assuming the Neutrino Field was nearby. However there is one flaw. We have been unable to locate the same Neutrino Field in this universe."

Geordi kept moving, he didn't want to lose his train of thought, there had to be something. "Okay, obviously we must return to our same coordinates, what if we use the Deflector Dish on both Starships and generate a Polaron stream into the point of entry. It should cause any traces of neutrino particles in this dimension or our own to be attracted the polaron stream."

Data processed the information Geordi had given, "It is possible, however once the neutrino particles are drawn to this universe we must immediately vent the plasma to attract the Neutrino particles to the ENTERPRISE or the JAMES KIRK. The timing would have to be instantaneous with a point 078 margin for error."

Geordi hated it when Data quoted the odds, it always seemed to make their situation far more grim than it really had to be.

"Well then," Geordi now stopped in tracks and turned to Data, "It

appears we may have a solution to our problem. All we need now is the
JAMES KIRK."

Lance walked Ivanova back to her quarters on _Babylon 5. _ The deck was clear, between the two of them there was some tension.

"Susan, I really must get back to my ship."

"I know" replied Susan a little sheepishly, "what will you do if you can't return home."

"I," Lance corrected himself, "we' can't stay here. The Centauri will never let us go, your Earth Government will want us and our technology. We are not safe anywhere here in your galaxy."

"You don't know that you could actually return home." Ivanova returned.

"It's not a matter of if, more like when. We'll keep trying until we're successful." Lance responded.

"I'm not usually one to get close to someone. Especially someone that I know might not be around. For that matter this quickly."

"Susan, I know that. Neither am I. I suppose it's our chemistry, were too much alike."

Susan smiled, Lance knew there was something else, he wouldn't pry.

"Look just take care of yourself for me." Lance said finally and stroked her hair with his fingers.

Lance turned then started to walk away.

Ivanova grabbed his hand, "Wait, come in, just for a few minutes."

Lance wanted to stay but he needed to go. "I need to go."

Ivanova didn't let go, "I insist."

He stood there a moment contemplating what she had asked, "as tempting as it sounds, I really must go."

"We may never get this opportunity again."

"I know." Lance turned away and walked down the corridor. Ivanova stood in the doorwell a few minutes longer then entered her quarters.

Lance continued on down the corridor and quickened his pace. He walked down a variety of corridors, not realizing where he was going or even paying much attention, then he stopped. Not thinking exactly where he was, he tapped his Comm Badge, then he heard something further down the way. Curious, he walked down slowly. As he neared the noise he heard voices.

"This is for my child!" followed by a sound like someone getting hit

"Please no more, I wasn't there, I didn't cause it" a grief stricken voice forced out.

"It doesn't matter, your people started this war!" A third voice Lance heard.

That was enough for him, he came to a corner quickly and quickly saw what was happening. Three green reptilian people, of which Lance didn't know, were beating up one fairly large almost human male. Lance couldn't really see who it was, for his face was buried in a corner.

"Now this is an unfair fight" Lance started.

The three Reptile like creatures stopped and with a looked at Lance with fascination. Not saying a word to this newcomer.

"You guys have had your fun, now leave him alone." Lance ordered.

"You don't understand Human. His people caused much destruction."

"They killed our children and family" another Reptile added.

"I'm really sorry to hear that and I understand your turmoil. But it doesn't give you the right to beat a person up because of his race."

"It gives us every right!"

"How do you know he participated in it? How do you know he was the one who caused your pain?"

No one answered, the three were very angry and rightly so.

"Enough talk" one reptile yelled and he began kicking the injured man in the side.

Lance closed the distance and put a hand on his left shoulder.

The reptile stopped kicking and immediately through a swing at Lance with his right hand. Lance stepped in and blocked the roundhouse punch with a double strike to the upper and lower hand, he slightly jerked the forearm forward while pulling back on the upperarm. A _crack _sounded, the Reptile screamed. Lance stepped back while pulling down the arm, the reptile headed to the ground, Lance dove his knee into the gut of the reptile and as he lifted him back up he finished the reptile with a downward elbow to the back. The reptile fell to the ground, unconscious.

A second reptile through a left punch causing Lance to step back while blocking it with his left. Lance then jumped in hammering the Reptile in the jaw, the reptile leaned back then Lance drove is elbow into his gut, the Reptile leaned forward, as he came down, Lance cocked his right arm and pummeled him with a right uppercut punch. The Reptile flew back and landed on the ground unconscious too. The third reptile not sure what to do now and looking at his companions pulled out a weapon a staff of some kind.

He came at Lance, swinging the staff over his head, Lance stepped in throwing both his arms up in a double block and counter grabbed the reptile's hand with the weapon and swung it down as he stepped back. The Reptile was bent over, Lance grabbed the weapon and drove his knee into the Reptiles gut while swinging up with the staff catching the Reptile in the face, the Reptile flipped back and was also knocked out. Lance through the staff down the hall and leaned down to the man lying on the floor.

Lance rested his hand on the mans shoulder, "It's okay, you can get up now."

The man turned around, Lance immediately recognized the hair. He offered his hand to help him up, the man accepted and righted himself up.

"Thank you very much, I'm Vir Cotto," Vir still visibly shaken and in extreme pain looked around to the three now laying on the floor.

"I'm Clay Lance of the _U.S.S. JAMES KIRK." _

_ _Vir nodded, "I know."

"Who are your friends?" Lance asked.

"They are Drazi, my government attacked and invaded one of their planets not that long ago."

Lance was stunned by the honesty displayed by Vir, "that explains their anger".

Vir nodded, Lance noticed that Vir appeared to be sorry for what his people had done. Perhaps he didn't agree with what his government was doing.

"You should get those injuries looked at. Is there a Sick Bay around here?"

"_Babylon 5 _has a Medical facility called Med-lab, Doctor Franklin should be in." Vir answered.

"Good, why don't you show me the way, I don't know my way around here too much. I'll just make sure you get there in one piece."

Vir smiled, he liked this man named Lance , despite what Londa said about him.

"Okay, follow me."

They went Lance couldn't remember the exact path that was taken to get to the Medical Bay, he wasn't even sure if he knew how to get anywhere from here.

"Why did you help me?" Vir asked as they came to the deck for Medical.

"You were alone, it was an unfair fight."

"Did you know I was Centauri?"

"No I'm sorry to say I didn't." Lance replied stopping short of an entrance after Vir stopped.

"Would you have helped me if you knew I was Centauri." Vir finally asked not sure if he should have asked that question or not.

"Why is it so important to you?"

"I'm just curious and mainly because you are an outsider"

"Yes Vir, I would have helped you if I knew you were a Centauri."

Vir nodded, not sure what else to add.

"It's my our way, we don't believe in purposely trying to harm another."

Vir was intrigued, he would have liked to talk more, but his pain was increasing.

"Thank you again Mr. Lance, it was very kind of you to help me out"

"No problem, I'd suggest steering clear of those,â€|Drazi, if I were you."

Vir nodded and extended his hand Lance accepted it.

"Take care Mr. Cotto"

Vir turned and headed for the doors, they slid opened as he approached.

The _ENTERPRISE_ cut through the void of space at Warp 7. She was 2 hours from the _JAMES KIRK_ 's position. By this time well within subspace transmission range.

Picard turned to the Tactical Officer, open a channel to the _JAMES KIRK._

--

_ "Channel open sir."

"_U.S.S. JAMES KIRK, _this is Captain Jean-Luc Picard of the _U.S.S. ENTERPRISE, _please respond."

A few moments passed, Picard was anxiously waiting to hear from the lost starship.

A visual appeared on the forward view screen, a human female.

"Captain, Lieutenant Commander Erin Greene, were so glad to see you."

"Commander, we are enroute to your position. ETA 2 hours, what is the

status of the _JAMES KIRK?"_

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_____"Sir," Greene hesitated, the ship was still in somewhat of a disarray. "Ship functions are slowly coming back online. Minor casualties reported and one fatality."

Picard expected to hear ships functions were at 100% with no fatalities. The _ENTERPRISE _also had casualties but did not report any fatalities.

"Fatality?"

"Yes sir, it was Captain Anderson sir."

"Who is the Commanding Officer of the _JAMES KIRK _at this time."

"Commander Clay Lance is sir. I am the First Officer, acting."

"Very well, where is Commander Lance ?"

"Sir, he is aboard the space station _Babylon 5_. "

Picard returned a look that required a more detailed answer and Greene picked up on it.

"Sir if you don't mind, because of the nature of the problems we have, it would be far easier if we discussed this matter in person and perhaps with Commander Lance."

Picard thought about it a moment, he didn't like half answers, he wanted a detailed report and this Lieutenant Commander Greene would not provide that to him.

"Indeed and agreed. Picard out."

Picard turned to Counselor Troi.

"She was not lying Captain. She was completely honest and did not have anything to hide. In fact she was elated to see us. I could only sense that she was having a difficult time trying to explain their situation."

"Thank you Counselor."

"Sir, I am detecting four ships on an intercept course with the _ENTERPRISE." _Data added.

Picard turned to face Data, "How long to intercept?"

"Sir they are on a heading perpendicular to ours and will intercept our position in one hour nine minutes and 34 seconds."

"Can you make out the classification of those ships?

"Negative, the distance is well past our sensors to detect."

"Very well. Continue on course, we must reach the _JAMES KIRK"__

--
G'kar heard the Federation Captain was aboard again, near Ivanova's quarters. He was in the lift and descending to the level where Ivanova's quarters were. The lift doors opened and G'kar rushed out, he immediately went by Ivanova's quarters. No sign of him there. He thought he heard groaning in the other direction, so he turned and ran in the opposite direction. To G'kar's surprise three Drazi males were lying on the floor. One was in the very slow process of trying to return to his feet.

Med-Lab, G'kar thought.

Off he went, around various corners, down a corridor here and there and two levels up. G'kar saw him, talking to Vir who appeared shaken and in a mess.

G'kar approached as Vir entered Medical Bay.

"Excuse me, Captain Lance ?"

Lance turned around to face the newcomer's voice and immediately recognized the face, Narn.

"Yes."

"I'm G'kar, Ambassador for the Narn Regime." G'kar offered his hand.

Lance accepted it and shook.

"I just wanted to express my gratitude for assisting my people. No one I'm afraid would have stood up for my people as you did."

"It was nothing, all part of our job."

"If you need anything, and I mean anything. You just let me know and I'll make sure you get it."

"That is very kind of you G'kar. And not necessary I would have helped anyone in distress, regardless of their race."

G'kar wouldn't hear any of that, as far as he was concerned, these humans were now blood brothers to the Narn. No one has stepped up to help the Narns, for fear of the repercussions from the Centauri.

"Thank you again." G'kar said in a bow.

Then Lance 's communicator chimed off, "JAMES KIRK to Commander Lance." __

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"Lance here go ahead".

"Sir, we have received a message from the ENTERPRISE, they're enroute to our position. ETA 2hours." __

--

_ "Acknowledged, I'll inform Captain Sheridan and personally take the shuttle back to the _JAMES KIRK. _Keep me posted."

_ "Aye sir, JAMES KIRK out."_

--

_ G'kar was still standing nearby, he heard everything that was said. He wasn't really trying to be nosey, a little information never hurt anyone. He was extremely fascinated to hear about another of these starships coming to _BABYLON 5. _

Lance turned to G'kar, "I need a guide."

G'kar smiled, "then you have found one."

"I need to get to the landing bays."

G'kar looked at Lance a moment, "Very well, follow me."

The quickly strolled through the corridors and taken various lifts to the docking bays on _BABYLON 5. _They arrived finally, to Lance 's surprise a couple of his crew were playing cards with a couple security personnel from _BABYLON 5. _The two Starfleet security saw Lance approach and immediately stood up.

"Sir!" they simultaneously reported.

The other two also got up, not aggressively just to acknowledge the new presence.

"At ease, prepare for departure, we're heading back to the _JAMES KIRK." _

--

_ "Aye sir!" they responded.

They quickly said good byes to their counterparts and rushed to the shuttle.

Lance turned to G'kar, "thanks for being my guide."

G'kar bowed, "No trouble at all."

They clasped each other's arms and Lance returned to his shuttle.

Da'Nar had the shuttle prepping for launch by the time Lance got in. Lieutenant Ryan was talking to Lieutenant Corwin of _BABYLON 5 _requesting clearance for departure.

"_Let me check with Captain Sheridan before authorizing you." _

--

_ Lieutenant Ryan turned to Da'Nar who turned to Lance .

"It's okay, I'd be doing the same thing in their shoes."

Sheridan's image came on the small view screen to the left of Ryans seat.

"_Lieutenant Ryan, why the sudden reason for departure?"_

--

_ _Lance tapped Ryan on the shoulder, Ryan immediately got out of the helm seat, Lance sat down.

"Sorry Captain, I would have informed you. However, on your station I didn't know where the communications ports were and," Lance had a look of amusement, "I was lost."

Sheridan hid a wry smile begin to form, "_That's understandable."

-

--

_ _"I'm just getting all my personnel back on the _JAMES KIRK. _We received a message from one of our sister ships that they have arrived to this universe too. I'm hoping they have an answer to return us home."

"_Understood, you're authorized. Our tractor beams will take you out."_

--

_ _"Acknowledged Captain. And thanks."

"We'll talk again, Lance out."

The viewscreen returned to the sensors showing the layout of the landing bay. Lance turned to Da'Nar, "Notify the _JAMES KIRK, _we're enroute back."

"Aye sir."

Lance stood up, "Lieutenant, take the helm."

"Yes sir."

Da'Nar turned to face Lance, "Sir, the two Centauri ships that were standing just off the _JAMES KIRK, _just took off out of here in a real hurry."

"Sounds like good news to me." Lance returned.

"Sir they are on a course to intercept the _ENTERPRISE."_

--

_ _"Well looks like they're trying to capture themselves a starship."

"Sir, the long range scanners on the _JAMES KIRK _also has detected 4 other ships, unknown configuration."

"How are the repairs coming?"

"Sir 95% of the damaged Hull plates have been repaired or replaced. Impulse Drives are back on line, Shields are back up to 100%."

Lance knew Da'nar too long, she was holding something back he had feeling it had to with her eliminating one of the most crucial components of the Starship, the Warp Drive. "What's the bad news on the Warp Drive?"

Da'nar hesitated not really wanting to answer this question, they had hoped the JAMES KIRK would be in better shpae by this time, "Engineering reports the Warp Drive could take another hour."

Lance drew in a long breath, the ENTERPRISE was in for quite a welcome and the JAMES KIRK would not reach them in time. He'd hope that Picard could pull a few tricks from his sleeve. Otherwise they would be alone yet again and all hopes at returning home would soon diminish.

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